

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Widow's Birdshot.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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ONE summer's afternoon a woman sat at a country cross roads. She had been there about fifteen minutes. Had she been a man there is no telling what she would have said, but being a woman, and a widow at that, she had to be content with saying:

"Dart such a neighborhood to goshen."

Half a mile away on the lowland was a farmer's wife chasing a goose, while on the left hand, looking over the roadside fence with one eye half closed was an old lame horse. The farmer's wife and the goose were too far away. But the widow was shaking her face at the horse and getting ready to tell him what she thought of a cross roads without a guide post when a man driving a horse and buggy appeared half a mile down the Hillside road.

It was Hezekiah, widower, and he was in no hurry to get married again. Neither was his aged equine in a hurry. To prove that he wasn't he stopped every two or three minutes to see if he could reach a horsefly. These sudden stopping threatened to send the driver over the dashboard but they did not break the tune he was whistling.

Nearer, and nearer to the crossroads came Hezekiah with his ancient rig as the widow watched him, and while he was twenty rods away, she muttered:

"He looks like half a fool, but maybe he knows enough to answer a plain question."

"Whoa," exclaimed Hezekiah, as he came opposite. "Are you waiting here for anybody?"

"I should think I was!" snapped the widow. "I have been waiting for the last two hours for some one to come along and tell me in the name of old Aunt Hannah why there isn't a guide post at these crossroads."

"Madam, my name is Hezekiah, as Williams," said the man as he approached her horse and brought his hand down upon his neck with a vigorous swat and killed a horse fly.

"And mine is Sarah Blackwell, but what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, madam, I am a widower, you see."

"And I am a widow, but that isn't answering my question as to why there isn't a guide post here to direct strangers. It seems to be the most shiftless county in the State."

"The county is all right," he smiled. "I have been living here more than twenty years, and I vow I have nailed a new guide post up here every year."

"But what has become of them?"

"Was her irritable demand. "Are you going to tell me that this horse looking over the fence has eaten them up as fast as planted?"

"No ma'am I ain't. They are pulled

up by the roots every time a young man around here gets hilarious and goes buggy riding with his girl. If there was a guide post here, which we both can see there ain't, what town would you look for?"

"Why, Berea, of course."

"Oh, Lord, woman, Berea has been in front of your nose and only three miles away all the time you have been sitting here. So you are going to Berea, eh? I have lived there myself since it was a town of four hundred people, and if you follow me you won't

man and love out of my married life and I tell you, dear, I never felt so sorry for anyone as I did for myself as I went back over those years that had been wasted as far as real living was concerned."

"I have lived for other people all my life and now dear, I am going to live for myself. Far off, near the equator, lies the capital of Ecuador. It is said to be delightful. Come with me out there. For all you love luxury and beautiful things, I know you can live simply if you have some one near who loves you."

"Come, sweetheart, let us tell all the world to go hang and you and I will live the rest of our lives just for ourselves and each other. I shall never forget the look that came into my dear eyes. It was as if for one moment she was hugging the dream to her heart. We were in a big, farish restaurant. The orchestra was playing one of those plaintive Hawaiian melodies in which primitive music is embodied the indescribable yearning for the unattainable and the never ending heartbreak that follows the last hope."

"Do you mean that if I would go with you, you would give up the life you have known up to this time and go away from the many friends who love you?" she asked.

"Gladly," I answered.

"Again that look in her eyes—her hand shot across the table and clasped mine. "And you will go?" I asked tremulously.

"No," she said.

"For a moment everything went black, and then I heard her speaking.

"I love to hear you talk," I answered. "I seem to be living again the lost youth that was never mine. Besides you wake in me forgotten ambitions. You make me think I can do what I wish with my life. You take me out of the lethargy into which I have fallen. Why, do you know, dear heart, that had I known a sooner, there is nothing you and could not have done with this old world."

"I was called away to the place where I had most of my early troubles, and while there I came to a sudden conclusion—what was the use of a struggle? There must be some place where she and I could live on the same contentment that I always felt with her."

"When I got back to her I told her the conclusion to which I had come. I went all over the house of my youth there, I said. 'I reviewed again the hard years that took all the joy

VELVET GOWN IS FASHION'S CHOICE



BY BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Evening gowns show a decided preference for velvet as their basic material and this is no exception. This chiffon velvet frock shows to good advantage the possibilities of that material, whose softness lends itself to graceful drapings while the bright rich texture makes ornamentation almost a non-essential.

In this gown the bodice is held in rather closely about the waist and two blunt points confine somewhat the fullness over the hips.

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Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

MEAT SUBSTITUTE.

(Peanut Butter Biscuit.)

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup peanut butter, 1-3 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl; add peanut butter and rub in very lightly. Add milk, mix, put on floured board, and roll out half inch thick; cut with small biscuit cutter. Brush top with milk, put in hot oven and bake 12 minutes.

lost your way. I heard the other day that a woman from Ryefield was thinking of buying the Clifton place. It don't happen by any chance that you are the woman?"

"Yes, it happens by a good many chances that I am. I have bought the place and am on my way over for it."

"Shoo! That's right next door to me, and I am glad of it."

It is needless to say that in due time both safely arrived in Berea, and while the widow went about closing the transaction, and making ready to move over from Ryefield the following week, Hezekiah turned his old horse into the pasture and went into supper to astonish his housekeeper by saying:

"Well, Betsy, I have seen my second wife this afternoon."

"Was that the woman driving the buggy behind yours as you came along?"

"That's the one. How did you like her looks?"

"I don't know whether she will ever be your second wife or not. I don't think it will be for you to have all they say about it."

When the widow arrived next week with her household effects, she found Hezekiah had done something for her which he had never done for himself. He had mowed the grass in the front yard, cut down all the weeds and burdocks, and thereby made a great improvement around the place. He was also on hand when the goods arrived to help unload and carry them in.

When the widow arrived she was very much pleased, and said:

"Why, Mr. Williams, you certainly must be a good man."

"But you see, you are a widder. Mrs. Blackwell, and widders have hard time of it."

It was after three of four week during which time Hezekiah had continued to play the part of a good Samaritan, that he sat down on the rail fence at the back of his garden and had a muse with himself:

"Darn fine woman; darn fine," he began.

"Up with the lark in the morning and working like a beaver all day. 'Makes the best hot biscuits and custard pie of any woman in Stone county."

The widower pulled a silver from the rail and chewed at it for a while and then continued:

"Hezekiah, you want a wife. You are a slow old poke and you have not made a dollar in five years and you won't in the next five unless somebody gets you out of bed before the dew is off the grass."

"I can't say that I am so madly in love with the widow Blackwell as to want to jump over a precipice for her sake, providing there was a precipice within fifty miles of here, or to drown myself in a lake, provided there was anything bigger than duckpond within a day's walk of Berea."

"I like and admire her mighty darn well, however, and if I can get her feeling the same way towards me love will come and so will matrimony. Hezekiah, you have got to do a little conspiring."

Hezekiah kept up this thinking for a long week and he finally got a plot. He went over to the widow one morning and asked:

"Widow Blackwell, did you hear any strange noise around last night?"

"No, I don't think I did," was the reply.

"Some one was sure sneaking around our place last night," he continued. "I have found my spade and hoe gone this morning. Have you missed any of your tools?"

"Why, no. But let me see? Yes, the ax and the long-handled shovel are gone. There surely must have been a thief around here last night."

"I not only heard him, but I saw him," said Hezekiah in very solemn tones. "From the back door I saw him jump the garden fence, but I didn't yell at him for fear of arousing you."

"My stars! How dare a thief come around here?"

"Widow, there are more thieves around Berea than any other town in the state—and far more than thieves."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean robbers—burglars! I might as well tell you the honest truth. It is dangerous for a widow to live alone in this town. I should have told you so the day we first met, but you had bought the place and it was no use to

say anything to skeer you. And so bein' we were goin' to live side by side I figured that I could take care of us both. I have been doing that right along, but last night they got the better of me."

"Mr. Williams," said the widow in anxious tones, "do you mean to tell me that I am in danger of robbers and burglars?"

"Not with me around," he replied, "unless I sleep sounder than you do I shall be up and down a dozen times through the night, and the next fellow that appears will find me and my gun handy. If you have reason to believe that some unwholesome fellow is prowling around don't take the chances of going to a door or a window. You can be sure that Hezekiah Williams is on deck looking out for the unprotected."

The widow Blackwell bought fifty chickens and half of them were stolen within a month. She bought a pig and but for its own sharp squeals it would have been lifted from the pen and carried off. On several nights after midnight her cow was milked dry by the marauder. Someone stole her wash tub and boiler and even carried off the family mop from the woodshed.

There was a secret which the widow had not confided to Hezekiah and that was that she also was the owner of a shotgun left by her late lamented. When the thefts continued and Hezekiah failed to bring down any game, she loaded that gun with fine bird shot and for three nights running she sat by her bedroom window with the deadly weapon across her knees. On the third night she saw a man moving about her grounds, and without giving any warning she aimed in his direction and pulled the trigger.

The report of the gun was quelled by yells, which she recognized as the private property of Hezekiah Williams. Two minutes later she was kneeling beside him. He was not dead but his plot was. He had conspired with himself to make her believe that a husband was badly needed around her house for her protection. He owned up to it like a man, and after taking the matter under consideration for a few months or until the last of the birdshot had worked its way out of his anatomy, she said to him one evening:

"Well, Hezekiah, I was not plotting to get a husband but I am not that mean to fill a man with birdshot and then refuse to marry him."

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Miss Daisy Williams and Mrs. W. D. Yost, attended the Rebekah convention at Huntington this week.

Misses Nettie and Dessie Jones, R. F. D. No. 1 were at Fairmont shopping Tuesday.

Alpha Toothman of Grays Flats was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Joe Robinson and Nicholas Eddy attended the Grand Lodge at Huntington this week.

There will be a rally day meeting or an all day meeting at the Baptist church Sunday, October 14. Everybody is invited.

Mrs. Agnes Greiger entertained her friends at the National House Wednesday night. Games were played and a delightful evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tennant and daughter, Mrs. Glen Jenkins and son Thomas of Burnsville, Mrs. Hewitt and Miss Sallie Martin motored to McClelland Thursday and attended the singing association.

Mrs. Ollie Toothman, Mrs. Lizzie Toothman, Mrs. John Williams, Mrs. Nora Toothman and daughter Miss Snow Sine, Mrs. Shuman, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Conaway, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Tuttle, Newion Fluharty, J. G. Eddy, R. A. Gump, Dewey Stewart, W. D. Lee attended the singing association at McClelland Thursday.

Sends Thanks for Box.

Miss Pearl Boyd received a letter yesterday from her brother Beulah Boyd who holds the honor of being the first to represent Monongah at Camp Lee. In his letter Mr. Boyd states that he had just received a large box from his fellow workmen on the No. 63 tipple, for which he wishes to express his thanks. Before going to Camp Lee Boyd was employed by the Consolidation Coal Company. He is exceptionally well known here and has many local friends who will be more than pleased to know that he is enjoying himself while in the services of Uncle Sam.

Visiting Here.

Harold Peppers of Salem arrived in Monongah yesterday evening to visit friends and relatives. While here he will visit his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. William Holbert. He will return home tomorrow.

Teacher Weds Student.

Harry Francis King and Miss Angelica Grace York announce their marriage Monday September 10, 1917 at Oakland, Md. Miss York is the daughter of Rev. J. B. York of Riverdale, W. Va. She is a graduate of the Morris-Harvey college of Barboursville, W. Va. and for the past few years has been a teacher in the Thoburn public schools. She is a member of the Acme society and has been very active in society activities in Monongah.

Mr. King was last year a student in the Fairmont Normal and is now a student of divinity in the Morris-Harvey college. He is a resident of Cottageville, W. Va. but is well known in Fairmont and vicinity. Their marriage was a great surprise to their many friends.

Personals.

Miss Ethel Wilson of Fairmont was in Monongah yesterday calling on friends and attending to shopping.

J. C. Atha of White Rock was among recent business transactors to Monongah.

Whetser Grove was a social caller in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Ora Sprague was in Fairmont yesterday evening calling on friends.

Miss Kathryn Price who has been ill at her home on Main street is recovering.

John Olliker of Fairmont is in Monongah today working in the Bear Department store.

Raymond Salvati was in Fairmont yesterday evening attending the parent-teacher program at the White school. Mr. Salvati is a member of the High school orchestra which furnished music for the event.

Miss Kennedy of Fairmont was a visitor here Tuesday afternoon in the interest of the Red Cross Society.

Miss James Sutton delightfully entertained the Needlecraft club at her home on Tuesday afternoon. A pleasant afternoon was spent at needle work and refreshments were served by the hostess.

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HEALTH HINTS

Pneumonia is a germ disease. It is most dangerous during changeable weather when winter is setting in and during its "break up" in the spring.

The minute organism which causes the disease is called "pneumococcus." The germs are sometimes found in the throat of perfectly healthy persons. When the bodily resistance of the individual becomes lowered through physical exhaustion and when this is followed by exposure in poorly ventilated rooms, offices, crowded street cars, local railroad trains or ill-ventilated theaters, pneumonia is apt to result.

Oddly enough men have more of a predisposition to pneumonia than women. This probably is because they are more often exposed to impure air and to hardships. Alcoholism is a factor in many cases. The man who drinks "just a little each day" may not know it but he slowly is undermining his vitality and resistance and making himself as easy a victim for pneumonia.

Great fatigue should always be avoided during inclement weather. It is a great factor in lowering the natural resistance of the body to pneumonia and other diseases of cold weather.

If for unavoidable reasons you have been exposed to cold and wet weather take a rub down with a coarse towel as soon as possible afterwards to quicken the circulation and afterward put on warm, dry clothing.

Above all avoid stuffy, ill ventilated places where crowds congregate. The fact that thousands of people neglect to take these precautions is responsible for the enormous death rate caused by pneumonia—10 per cent of all deaths in the United States.

Sweet Potato Adds to Your Daily Meal

BY BIDDY BYE.

The sweet potato is a sort of "tropical cousin" to the Irish potato and while it contains most of the food elements of the white variety, it adds to its attractions a much larger percentage of sugar and by the same token